



Byler One-shots by teej.318

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Mike W., Will B.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2019-07-03 14:46:12

Updated: 2019-07-03 14:46:12

Packaged: 2019-12-12 18:43:25

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 3,762

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A collection of Byler one-shots that I am writing for Camp NaNoWriMo.

1. Promise me you won't leave me

Mike knocked on the front door of the Byers home. It was hard for him to contain his excitement. This was the first time he and Will would get to hang out together by themselves at a sleepover in a long while and he had been waiting all week long for it. After a dinner that Mike's parents insisted he eat for whatever stupid reason, Mike had practically evaporated out his house with his backpack packed with clothes and movies for him and Will to watch.

After what seemed an eternity, the front door open and Will appeared in the doorway, looking just as excited as Mike felt.

"Hey!" Will exclaimed.

"Hi, Will!" Mike replied just as enthusiastically as he walked into the house. "So, what's on for tonight?"

"I figured we'd just stay in and relax since we had school today," said Will as he led Mike over to the couch. Mike set his bag down on the floor so it would be out of everyone's way. "Then tomorrow I was thinking maybe we could go to the arcade or something."

Mike chuckled.

"I just hope we won't run into Dustin and Lucas if we do go to the arcade."

"Oh, don't worry, I've got that covered. I told them we were probably gonna go there and that we wanted to be alone, so Dustin promised they would go and do something else."

"Glad you thought of that," Mike said, giving Will a warm smile. Will felt his face heat up slightly, but he brushed it off quickly. "I can't remember the last time we hung out together, just the two of us. I'm sorry that it's been so long."

"You don't have to apologize, Mike!" Will said incredulously as they sat down on the couch. "You've just been busy with helping El get ready to go to school and everything. Besides, you hadn't seen her in

so long."

"I know, but I don't want you to feel like I'm neglecting you or something," Mike said sadly. "I hate not hanging out with you."

"Well, you're here now and that's all that matters."

"Yeah, that's true."

"So let's just enjoy the time together. What movies did you bring?"

Mike leaned over the sofa and pulled his backpack onto his lap. He reached inside and pulled out all of the VHS tapes he had managed to fit inside it.

"I brought *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *The Terminator*, *The Karate Kid*, the *Star Wars* trilogy, which is kinda pointless since you already own them," Mike said with a chuckle. "Uh, I've also got this goofy movie called *Airplane* and *E.T.* Any of those sound good?"

"We should do a mixture of movies!" Will said happily. "Let's say, *Karate Kid*, then *The Terminator* and then *E.T.* That should get us to about 11 or so and then Mom will probably make us go to bed."

"Sounds good," said Mike with a smile. He stood up and put the *Karate Kid* tape into the VCR before he sat back down with Will. "Speaking of your Mom, where is she?"

"She's hanging out with Hopper and El. I guess El has some puberty questions that Hopper doesn't want to answer by himself."

Mike snorted in amusement.

"I would pay to see him try and explain the birds and the bees to her."

Will giggled.

"He'd probably die of embarrassment before he got any words out!"

The two boys roared with laughter as the previews started to play on the TV. Will hurried to his bedroom to grab a blanket and spread it

between them. They sat close to each other, with their bodies nearly touching. Will could practically feel Mike's body heat radiating off of him and felt warmer and safer than he had in a long time.

When the movie started, Mike nervously placed his hand over Will's. Will's eyes shot up when he felt Mike's hand on this and Mike pulled away, suddenly looking like he had crossed a line.

"I'm sorry," Mike stuttered.

"N-no, it's okay," Will said, sounding as nervous as Mike felt. "It just surprised me. I actually like it. I don't mind, Mike, I promise."

"Okay," Mike whispered as he put his hand back on Will's. Will heard Mike take a deep breath. It looked as if Mike was letting some tension out of his body.

"Are you okay, Mike?"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm fine," Mike replied hurriedly. "I just...I really missed you, is all. I miss being with you."

"Crazy together, right?"

Mike grinned.

"Crazy together."

The rest of the movie passed without incident. The boys sat together in a comfortable silence, laughing at the appropriate moments in the movie, but not saying anything. They both felt content. When the movie ended and Mike went to change it out for *The Terminator*, Joyce came home.

"Hey, boys, you two having a good time?" Joyce asked as she gave Will a kiss on the cheek. Will's face reddened slightly, but Mike pretended not to notice as he stood back up and walked over to the couch.

"Yeah we're just watching movies and hanging out," Will replied.

"Nothing too scary, I hope."

"No way," said Mike with a grin. "I think we've all had enough scary in real life not to see it in a movie, you know?"

"I think you're right, Mike. I'm really glad you're here. You know you're always welcome here, sweetie."

"I know. This is like my other home. Thanks for always being so welcome, Mrs. Byers."

"You don't have to thank me, Mike. I'm happy to have your over here as often as you'd like. And how many times do I have to tell you to call me Joyce?"

Mike chuckled.

"I know, I've just never called you anything but 'Mrs. Byers' and it would feel weird if I didn't."

Joyce smiled warmly.

"Well, just know that if you do call me Joyce, I wouldn't mind at all."

"Okay, *Joyce*," Mike said with emphasis and then grimaced slightly. Will laughed at him while Joyce chuckled. "Okay, that felt really weird."

"Well, you two have a good time. I'm gonna get something to eat and then I'll probably get to bed. Don't stay up too late, okay boys?"

"We won't, Mom," Will said, rolling his eyes slightly. "Goodnight!"

"Goodnight, boys."

"Night, *Joyce*," Mike said, grimacing again. Joyce laughed as she walked into the kitchen and hurriedly prepared a plate of food before hurrying off into her bedroom.

Will pressed play on the remote as he and Mike curled up again on the couch. About halfway through the movie, Will felt Mike's hand slip off his. He looked over and saw Mike had dozed off. Will grinned and turned back to watch the movie, knowing that Mike wouldn't want him to stop the movie just because he had fallen asleep.

When the movie ended, Mike was still sleeping, but Will decided to go ahead and put in *E.T.*, thinking Mike would wake up soon. Just when he was about to hit play on the remote again, Will paused when he heard Mike say his name.

"Yeah?" Will asked, turning to look at Mike, who was still asleep. Will couldn't help but smile because he knew Mike was dreaming about him. Mike's voice had sounded peaceful.

"Will," Mike said again, this time sounding urgent. Will frowned as he saw Mike start to shake in his sleep. "Will!"

"Mike, I'm right here," Will said gently as he scooted over to Mike and shook him. Mike kept sleeping.

"No, Will! Please!" Mike was practically yelling now.

"I'm here, Mike, I'm here," Will said as he shook Mike a little harder. Suddenly, Mike's eyes shot open and he took several breaths as he realized that he was awake again. Mike turned to look at Will and Will could see the relief on Mike's face.

"Will!" Mike breathed as he wrapped his arms around Will and pulled him close. "Oh, Will!"

"It's okay, Mike," Will said as he held onto Mike. "I'm here, I'm here."

Mike held Will for several minutes while he calmed down. Finally, his breathing returned to normal and his heartrate slowed. Mike broke apart the hug as he wiped away the tears. Will grabbed onto his wrists, looking at Mike with concern.

"Are you okay, Mikey?"

Hearing Will call him by his old childhood nickname calmed Mike down completely. Mike took a deep breath before he looked up at Will again.

"Promise me you won't leave me again," he said quietly.

"Leave you?"

Mike nodded.

"I can't lose you again, Will. I just can't."

"You mean to the Upside Down?" Mike nodded again. "You won't lose me, Mikey. I promise. All that is done since El closed the gate."

"I know, but I keep dreaming about losing you again. And it scares me so much, Will. I don't ever want to feel like that again. I felt like I was dying without you."

"Oh, Mikey," Will said as he leaned forward and pulled Mike into another hug. He held Mike as tightly as he could as he rubbed circles on his back. "You will never lose me again. Even if I have to fight like hell to come back to you, I will. I promise, Mikey."

Mike nodded as he cried quietly while Will held him. After a few minutes, they broke apart, but held on to each other.

"Are you okay now?" Will asked.

"Yeah, as long as you're here."

"Do you wanna watch the last movie, or do you just wanna go to bed? You were sleeping for a long time."

"I'm not ready to go back to sleep yet. I think we should just watch the last movie."

"Okay," Will said as he reached over to the remote and pressed play.

Just as the movie was about to start, Mike turned to Will again.

"Um, could we...um, you know?" Mike asked.

Will frowned at him for a moment but then he knew what Mike meant. He nodded vigorously before Mike wrapped his arm around Will and pulled him close. Mike's facial expression visibly calmed as he held onto Will, who smiled slightly to himself. Will laid his head on Mike's shoulder and heard Mike let out a breath before he rested his head on Will's. Mike reached over with his free hand and set it on Will's.

They stayed that way for the whole movie, neither of them moving until the credits started to roll. Will glanced at the clock and saw it was nearing 11:00, so he turned off the TV and VCR before he and Mike stood up together, silently agreeing that it was time to go to bed. They shuffled to Will's room after making sure the front door was locked and all of the lights were off. They changed into their pajamas and took turns in the bathroom getting ready. Will was finished first and sat on his bed while he waited for Mike.

When Mike walked back into the room, Will noticed a nervous expression on Mike's face. Mike didn't say anything, but he hesitated as he bent down to pull his sleeping bag out of his backpack.

"Hey, do you wanna sleep up here?" Will blurted before he realized what he had offered. Will froze as Mike's eyes shot up at him, looking hopeful. "I mean, if it'll help you sleep."

"I was too afraid to ask, but if you're sure it's okay..."

"Yeah, of course it's okay," Will said as he lay down on the bed and made room for Mike. Mike smiled as he crawled into bed next to Will and adjusted his limbs until he was comfortable. Will wrapped his arms around Mike and pulled him close, until Mike's head was lying on Will's chest.

"Thank you," Mike breathed. "For everything."

"It's okay, Mikey. I'm happy to do it for you. Are you okay?"

"As long as I'm with you, I'm okay."

Will blushed, glad that Mike couldn't see his face. "I'll be here all night, Mikey. I promise. If you have any bad dreams, wake me up and we can talk about it."

"Okay, Willie," Mike said in a tired voice.

Will grinned at hearing Mike's old nickname for him. He held Mike a little tighter as he closed his eyes and felt the sleepiness start to overtake him.

"Goodnight, Mikey. Crazy together."

"Goodnight, Willie. Crazy together."

2. Drowning

"Come on, you guys, let's jump in!" Max shouted as she ran on the dock before she cannon balled into Lover's Lake with a large splash. Lucas, Dustin and El jumped in after her, while Will remained behind with Mike, who suddenly seemed nervous.

"Are you going in?" Will asked, nudging Mike slightly.

"Huh?" Mike asked as Will shook him out of his thoughts.

"You okay?"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm fine, sorry just zoned out for a second. What did you ask?"

"I asked if you were going to go into the water."

"Uh, y-yeah, I will," Mike stuttered. "You go on in and I'll be right behind you."

Will grinned at him and ran along the dock and jumped in with the others. Mike slowly walked along the dock, trying to delay getting into the water as much as he could. He stood on the edge of the dock and looked down into the water.

"Come on, Mike!" Dustin shouted.

"Yeah, come on, the water feels great!" added El.

Mike grinned nervously at them and nodded. He gulped as he looked down at the water again. He took a deep breath before he shut his eyes and jumped in.

Mike froze when he grabbed onto the back of the fire truck. He could see the police officers pulling a body out of the water and onto the small raft that was sitting in the water. Mike recognized that red and yellow vest as soon as he saw it.

"It's not Will. It can't be here," he said, trying to convince himself as much as he was trying to convince the others.

The officers brought the body closer to the edge of the quarry and it became clear right away who it was.

"It's Will," Lucas said, close to tears. "It's really Will."

No, no it can't be Will. It can't be. This wasn't supposed to happen. We were supposed to find him and bring him home!

All of his thoughts vanished as he yelled at El and left his friends behind, not saying any words to them. He burst through his front door, hoping to avoid having to talk to anyone. Of course, he couldn't be that lucky because he heard his mother calling his name and rushing to him.

"What's wrong?" Karen demanded.

Mike didn't say anything but burst into tears, holding out his arms. Karen pulled him into a hug as he sobbed.

Mike felt his chest tighten as he flashbucked to that night, the worst night of his life. He kicked to the surface of the lake, but felt it was an impossible task. He started to panic as he flailed his arms, but it was to no avail.

"Guys, something's wrong," Will cried. "He's not coming up."

"Maybe he's just trying to see how long he can hold his breath before he comes up for air," Dustin said with an amused chuckle.

"No, look!" Will exclaimed as he saw Mike flailing his arms as his head touched the surface. Water splashed all around him before Mike's head disappeared underwater again. "I think he's drowning!"

Suddenly, the water around Mike washed away and Mike flew out of the water before landing with a thud on the dock. Everyone whipped around to see El wiping blood away from her nose; she had used her powers to get Mike out of the water.

"Good work, El," Will muttered as he swam over to the dock and pulled himself out of the water and plopped down next to Mike. Mike's eyes were closed, but he was still breathing. Will lightly slapped Mike's face.

"Mike?" Will shrieked. "Mike, wake up!"

Suddenly, Mike's eyes opened and he breathed in a huge amount of air and started coughing. Will helped Mike sit up as the rest of The Party gathered on the dock, all of them looking worried.

"You're okay, Mike, you're okay," Will cooed as he rubbed circles on Mike's back and Mike took several deep breaths to calm himself down.

"Breathe, Mike, just breathe," Max said quietly. Mike wordlessly nodded as he tried to get his breathing under control.

Finally, Mike took one last deep breath before he looked around at all of his friends, who were smiling nervously at him.

"You okay?" El demanded, squatting down next to Mike and looking at him directly in the eyes.

"I'll be fine," Mike whispered. "I just overdid it when I jumped in."

"Mike, friends don't lie."

Mike closed his eyes and shook his head.

"I'll be fine," he repeated. "Really, El. I think I should just sit out for a little while."

"We can just go back home, Mike," Lucas suggested.

"No, no, I don't want to ruin your guys' good time. I'll just go and sit by our bags and get some sun. You guys keep swimming."

"Are you sure?" Dustin asked.

Mike nodded.

"You guys go ahead and go swim. I'll be okay. I promise."

"If you say so," Max said uncertainly before she pulled Lucas and Dustin's arms and jumped back into the water with them.

El stared at Mike for several seconds before she stood up again and

calmly walked into the water with the others. Will remained by Mike's side, unwilling to move.

"You can go too, Will. I don't want you to have to miss out on swimming."

Will shook his head. "I don't want to go swimming," he said. Mike raised his eyebrows. "Honestly, I don't! I just want to make sure that you're okay."

Mike sighed as he stood up. He motioned for Will to follow him, and Will stood up, too. Mike led him back over to the trees where all of their bags were on the ground. Mike set out his beach towel, and did the same to Will's. They sat down next to each other in silence for a few moments, watching the rest of The Party.

"So...what happened?" Will asked hesitantly.

"I had a really bad flashback as soon as I hit the water," Mike said.

"What was it?"

"It was the night they found your body," Mike whispered.

"Oh, Mike," Will said, reaching over and grabbing onto one of Mike's hands, which had started to shake. Mike immediately stopped shaking and felt his whole body relax at Will's touch.

"I don't know why, but every time I've gone swimming, I keep thinking about that night and it makes me want to never go swimming again."

"Why didn't you tell us?"

Mike sighed before replying.

"I didn't want to ruin everyone's good time," Mike muttered. "I thought you guys would be mad if I didn't go swimming with you."

"Michael Wheeler, sometimes you are such an *idiot*," Will chastised.

"Huh?"

"Mike, you of all people know that we don't judge each other like that. If something bothers you like that, you don't have to be ashamed to admit it. There's nothing wrong with how you feel, Mike. Just like there's nothing wrong with how I have to sleep with a nightlight or that El has dreams about Brenner coming back, or Dustin, Lucas and Max freaking out when they hear weird noises."

"I know, Will. I'm sorry. It's just..." Mike hesitated.

"You can tell me."

"I just feel so *pathetic* whenever I freak out near water," Mike groaned. "I know, I shouldn't feel that way, but I've always felt like I have to be the strong one in The Party. I'm supposed to protect all of you; you guys shouldn't have to protect me."

"Mikey, please don't talk about yourself like that," Will begged. "It's okay to break, Mikey. It doesn't make you weak and it certainly doesn't make you pathetic. I don't ever want to hear you talk about yourself that way again, okay?"

Mike nodded.

"And for the record, you may feel like you have to protect us, but we feel like we have to protect you, too. And that's okay, Mike. You're our friend. You're *my* best friend, Mike. We have to take care of each other."

Will pulled Mike into a hug. His face flushed red slightly as he realized that both he and Mike were shirtless, but he brushed it off, knowing it was more important that he be an anchor for Mike. Will held onto Mike tightly as Mike started to cry lightly.

"You're okay, Mike," Will whispered. "There is nothing wrong with you and you have no reason at all to feel ashamed. And you can always talk to me about whatever is bothering you, okay?"

"Okay," Mike said as he nodded. "I won't hide anything from you anymore."

"And promise me that you won't talk badly about yourself, Mike. I know you think your feelings don't matter or that everyone else's are

more important, but you are important, Mike. You matter to so many people. You're the most important person in my life, Mikey, and I want you to always be okay."

"I promise, Will," Mike whispered back. "Thank you for being here with me."

"I'll always be here for you, Mikey, just like you've always been there for me."